GOSH YOU

WITHOUT YER

FRANK

THIS ITCH

WITH HIM

THE SAME

VETERANS

20 YEARS

LATERA

DON'T TH'

LOOK FUNNY

NOW FRANK!

DARN- MY ITCH

IS COMIN' BACK

& HE'S

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1919

ALL BUT THE CHANCE

American divisions differed from another as night from day, differed methods, in looks, in character, in personality—just as people do. But in noting their very marked differences in achievement, it should be borne in mind that they differed also in opportunity. Perhaps history might

opportunity.
When the whistle blew on November 11 it stayed not only what would have been a history-making thrust toward and past Metz. It also stayed some divisional repu-tations that were only in the making. If tations that were only in the making. If that whistle had blown three months earlier, many of our most famous divisions would have had no tales to tell at all. At least six of those whose records are most bril-liant would now be unsung, and of these, one would have been just a rather amusing

memory.

Consider the 6th Division, which, after Consider the 6th Division, which, after a mild haptism in Alsace, rode and trucked and hiked all over the map of France, looking for a fight, just spoiling for a fight, till they got to calling it the Sight-Seeing Sixth. It raced from Clermont to the fringe of Sedan only to find that less rather Than more American troops were the need of the hour there. Then, as rumor had it that they were suited to be a model chance. that there was going to be a good chance for a scrap down Verdun way, the 6th turned and hustled over into Lorrane, only to arrive breathiess as the armistice was

this war. It is not unjust to say that the duties of the 6th Division during this period required more discipline and soldierly determination than many engagements with the enemy."

the enemy."

The 6th had an engagement with the enemy, but the enemy didn't keep it. The armistice mussed up a lot of promising young careers. And so, when the Medals of Honor are given out and the Distinguished Service Crosses pinned on, when some honor division marched in glory up a service of the servi thronged Fifth Avenue, remember there were other divisions that had everything in the world a division ought to have except a

NOW!

"He checked his brains at Hoboken on the way over," is an A.F.F. commonplace. But right now there are thousands of men in the A.E.F. who are wondering what kind of a load of mental luggage they will be carrying when they get back home ready to step into the old job or find a new and better one:

If the Army school system does nothing If the Army school system does nothing more than job into the A.E.F.'s imagination the idea that the future will not take care of itself, the Army schools will be worth while. If it can send home an Army of men with definite purposes, rather than an Army whose collective mind has decided "to loaf four or tive months and see what "to loaf four or tive months and see what turns up," the school training in France may be more important as a future national asset than actual military knowledge.

The point is that every man in the A.E.F.

to hold a conference with himself and sign his own peace terms—decide what he is going to do when he discards the uniform, then spend the rest of the time in France in preparing to do it well.

THE CURE

Word seeps up from the base ports that returning members of the A.E.P. are not being troubled extensively with seasickness.

The list of the wounded printed is sus-There are sporadic instances of the disease, according to the gobs (who ought to know), but rarely does the ailment attain epidemic proportions.

This is encouraging. Memory brings back to us vividly the picture of several entire squads who vowed unanimously as soon as their feet hit dry land some months back that they would never, never return unless it could be done by rail. Forthwith unless it could be done by rail. Forthwith an inspection of the map showed that by journeying due east or thereabouts a person could do the whole trip by land with the exception of a stretch of water up near Aleska that looked about half as wide as the Erie Canal. The only difficulty was—and is—that Russia is in the way.

A recent straw year of these same strongly

A recent straw vote of these same squads A recent straw vote of these same squaus, however, showed that the home-by-rail propaganda was being utterly discredited.

"You see," explained an amateur psychologist, who happened to be the man who had somet to say against the occan on the way most to say against the ocean on the way over, "the degree of seasickness dependent wholly on where you are going to get off the boat."

We trust so.

NO MAN'S LAND

Like the blue waters of Capri, the green reaches of the Nile, the white, foaming masses of Niagara, the Rhine is essentially a world wonderland. The peculiar soughing of its rushing waters, like the sound of a breeze through the balsams, is attuned to the music of the spheres, nor can it be ringed about by arrogant Prussian verhotens. Its tumbling, moss-grown easiles

rear their gray locks for the eyes of all the universe, nor can their sites, in any scenic sense, be corraled within the metes and ounds of mere human property values.

The Yank whose privilege it is to be tationed amid this craggy fairyland of aronial ruins and lively waters recks not paronal runs and rively waters reas not g its position on a map of international colors. Vaguely he discerns a kinship be-tween the great nature lesson it teaches and himself. Innately he feels it belongs to him. There is a transcendent ownership there which strides high over national bar-

He visits, sees and absorbs. He will not forget. Not the men of the Peace Conference, with their job of carving the map of Europe; not the R.T.O. officers, with their little rule about 75 pounds of baggage for every man; not even the physical limitations of a barrack bag can prevent each lives of a barrack bag can prevent each lions of a barracks bag can prevent each soldier of the Army of Occupation from taking the Rhineland home with him.

They are getting away with a queer line of stuff in the States these days. Here is have shown that they differed chiefly in a sample, an excerpt from a Brooklyn newspaper:

a Simple, an excerpt from a Probaty in least paper:

The 149 "fighting civilians," all wearing thinkt and attached to the 47th textioned, united States to the 17th textioned and the content of the cont

is a rrive hreathiess as the armistice was signed.

"The Infantry of the division," say the records at G.H.Q., "made long marches on congested roads, pulling by hand their machine gan carts and carrying on their backs, or doing without, supplies for which transportation should normally be available. Altogether, the performance of the 6th Division during the first 14 days of November, 1918, stands out as one of the finest examples of the fortitude and soldierly spirit displayed by the American soldier during this war. It is not unjust to say that the 550 kilometers from the front as the bomb-ing planes would (but never did) fly. They never saw a machine gun nest; they ever moved ammunition near the front they never laid a pontoon bridge; they never repaired a shell-torn road; they never never repaired a shell-torn road; they never got to Cambrai. It was a regiment of Rail-way Engineers that fought there. ray Engineers that fought there. It is not on record that they built any bridges at all. They did build docks and they did build

parges.
Considering that they were hired in an emergency; that they got to France and began work sooner than militarized Engi began work sooner than initiative Engineers could be got here; that they saved several golden weeks in laving some of the foundations of the American organization which subsequently decided this war, even the soldiers who in the last year and a half worked with them never criticized the \$7 a day they received. Aboit, the soldiers may have been a little envious of the \$7 a day. have been a little cuvious of the \$7 a day, since recently, when they launched a barge which they themselves had constructed, they christened it the One Dollar Ten. The civilians were capable. But they did not have a monopoly on ability. They may have had the material to make good fighters. But no one knows, It is hard to tell 550 kilometers from the front.

However, the quotation on the "fighting civilians" is just a sample of a prevalent evil in the United States today. Bogus evit in the trained States today. Bogus stories of bogus heroes, grotesque and absurd, are seeping back to France from the States in numbers indicating that they may be enumerated not by the dozens, but by the themselve. the thousands.

A Western Artillery regiment got over here during the summer, spent a few months in training and got up to the front two days after the armistice. It returned home a few weeks ago. Did its home town paper print anything to indicate that the only thing this regiment brought hack was only thing this regiment brought back was egrets? Ah, no. It was a "tattered, battle-

pected of containing the names of several members merely detained by the Medical

Corps.

A magazine of national circulation rengs cently began a series of stories chronicling adventures in the Air Service in France. It quit them in the middle of the series when it was discovered that the stories were

and laws recently adopted and the United States regarding the wearing of insignia and service stripes was the abuse of these marks of designation. Discharged soldiers and soldiers not discharged were effecting a weird line of personal embellishment faster than the War Department could keep track of them. the same class as the man who goes home and lies about what he did over here, or

who allows himself to be lied about.

There is no law against common lying in the United States, whether it is done by a patch of cloth on the shoulder or by giving patch of cloth on the shoulder or by giving an interview to the editor of a newspaper—unless the lying is done to the damage of somebody else. But if Congress, or the State Legislatures, or the county supervisors, or whoever else has the power, were to pass a law making it an offense for anybody to make false statements about what had did on the pass and the property of the pass of the p

FEELIN' FINE

In memory of Pvt. Howard Shankle, C ny D, 160th Indantry, who died in hosp memorals received in action.)
"Feelin' fine!" were the words, I know, That gave him strength to fight as though He liked it for the fighting's sake; To hike without a curse; to make Homesick hours unknown; to live A day without a curse; to make Itan bender for a haddy's need Itan bender for a haddy's need

Of this I'm sure, because that day With life a birden in his way, With body burned inside and out. A witherest murmny, and, no doubt But that his laughing eyes had cents Forcer to shine, his words released Their old-time ring of Joyful cheer When "Feelin' sine," I bent to hear.

They speak of heroes in this war, Whose courage, vim and valor bore Us on to victory's happy day, But there's a word I'd like to say; They neyer had a thing on him! He won the fight of enshin' in By writin' Satan Just a line And simply sayin', 'Peelin' fine!' 'N. G. PE

Wen de doctahs tuhned me loose Dey fuhgd about de sous, o' dey shoje must' a-knowed dat Ah wus broke Ar' paydays pass me by. No mattah how Ah try, n't gir malself enough to buy a smoke.

Dese boxcars mak' me ti'ed, Through de day we ride and ride, n at night we stops at somewheth in de da'k Den we gils some mo' directions. 'Cause we nevalt makes connections, it means jus' one mo' night in Nature's pa'k

De rain in dis heab nation
Kinda spolis de reputation
Kinda spolis de reputation
a lan' dat's sunny, so de books relates;
But Ah'il nevah say no mo'
Lif day'il ship me to de sho'
dat lan' ne pienty eats, de ggol of States.
CR, Hamus.
Replacement Depot,
Revigny, Meuse.

homes was cone.

Who wearily watched and waited till the day when the urr was done.

What will ye think on the day when they all comblect, the can.

And the bay you sent with a mother's tears, returns, but returns a man.

Browned by the suns of foreign climes, with the lines of fate in his face.

The lines of men who have fought with men in many a fearful place.

Men who have looked old death in the face and laughed as he passed them by,

Where is the boy I gave to you?" I can hear the mothers cry.

oth, mother, thy son has come back to thee, tempered and tried like steel. In the disming fire of the hell of war where the charging legions reel.

Where the recket gleams on the bayonet (where it is not dyed with red), and the fifful glare of, the Verey flare lights up the face of the dead.

He has seen men die with a smile on their lips
that the nations might be free,
He has charged the foe with his blood on fire and
has seen the foeman flee,
And mother, the boy who thus passed through
hell can be no longer a boy.
For the ore of Man in that furnace tried is metal
without alloy.

Prom the squelching mud of Flanders,
From the Chateau-Thierry wheat,
From the shattered Halles of Ypres,
From where the Scarpe and Escaut meet.
From the shell-strewn slopes of Verdun,
Comes the traum of marching feet.

For the men are coming me

James Hermides.
Sergeant, M.C.

TO A BIG, BIG STORE

air, or Five, or Seven Bones (I don't knowhich)
and you premise her, with many firm assurance
act you will send to me the food I crave—
andy, or cake, or sweet confections,
als was in September.

The candy, the cakes, the sweet confections All are bull.
And what I got I'll tell you here—
Two cans of soup (of the famous 57),
One can of beans, worth about 15 sous,
A box of sardines, and some Golden Say!

LAY TO A LOST LOVE

No matter where my billet be She's waiting for her pet. I stick to her, she sticks to me: Toujours fidele, you bet. I gaze into her liquid eyes (Some liquid, kid, I nut you wise! If I'm malade, she'll symathize, For that's her style—Buvette!

From twelve till one we're dated up
While mess call I forget.
Brimfull of joy she fills my cup—
I'm always in her debt,
And then at eve we make a mock
Of care; we bait the Boche in bock.
I'll M.P.'s come at nine o'clock
And tear me from Buvette.

THE FIRST RELINION OF PUNKVILLES A.E.F. VETERANS

YEH?-

REMEMBE

TH' SWELL

CRAP GAMES

WE USETED HAVE UP AROUND

SHATOD TEERSY

S THE FRANC .

BITS BUT HE'S FORGETS

ZLL TOSŚ

OF THAT

BOTTLE

OF REIMS

CL1000

6 HE'S

WEARING A

TAILOR MADE

FOR YET

M. D. R.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— For the information and guidance of all concerned, the following Matrimonial Drill Regulations for Military Weddings are forwarded:

1. The march of the bridal party up the aiste

the church will be at attention. A cadence

of the church will be at attention. A cadence of 80 stops to the minute will be maintained for the tength of the murch.

2. Unless otherwise announced, the guile is right as the party proceeds toward the altar.

3. The guests will execute eyes right or eyes left, as the case may be, as the bride, brideproom and their respective staffs march toward their objective.

S HE

GET ANY

CHLY COT TWO

AND NEVER

DID I TELL YUH

HAN I WON THIS

MEDAL FOR KILLIN

TWENTY DUTCHE

IN THE BWAR

DE BOLDENIE

SMOKE THIS AND

MIND OF

S HE'S A WARD

NOW-AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS

TO WEAR

TIME I GOT THE MEDAL (AHEM) FOR CAPTURIN' THAT DUTCHIE IN DWAR

DE BOLDENIE

sht-? I MEAN HELL DO YOU WANT

BUCKHE WANTS
TO TREAT
BUT THEY
SELL NOTHING
BUT SOON

\$ 200 LOOR FROM A BUCK

OH THANK

JOU SIR -I WAS JUST WISHIN

FOR A CIGAR I LEFT MINE

IN MY OTHER

CLOTHES!

ANOTHER NICE

WAR SO HE

SKIPPER-HE'LL PULL THIS SAME OLD SPEECH EVERY TIME HUT DUOSIG ME GIVA

WHAT I KNEW WE COULD DO! - NOW

THE FIRST SARGIN

WILL NOW CALL TH'ROLL!

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

AND IM PROUD TH

SAY YITH SUITE DONE

YUH. COULD DO.

YOW THE TOP SARGING WILL NOW READ TH' ROLL!

FALL IN!

TENTION

HE ALWAYS LEAVES BEFORE TT'S ALL OVER GOOD HEVINGS SAY WE SUIZE DONE

& THE TOP.

YESSIR

FALL IN!

RIGHT

DUESS

TENTION

STRAIN OF

BEING A TOP HAS TOLD ON

THE OLD BOY.

THE BET HE GETS

TAIL PAULED UP

AS USUAL AFTER

I FEEL

SO OUT

OF PLACE

ALL THE TIME

I Spent on

HE HADN'T AN AWFUL - AND SLEEPS UNIFORM HERE READ IT UPSIDE DOW

STHE CHAPLAN

FRENCH ADEO. YOU KNOW I HAVENT HAD A DRINK SINCE I LEFT ST. NAZAIDE

BHE SAYS

HE EVEN THINKS

QU-EST-CE-VOUS

FAITES MAINTENANT

OH SCUSE MÉ

THESE

DRY PARTIE

MAKE YUH

THOISTY-

לאות לאמ

CHAP?

PRIVATE

SUNNY, I CANT GIT OUTA TH' HABIT O' PARLEYN

OCH, DAS

IN COBLENZ

PARLIETTEN

& HE GOT

WIR ALLES

I GOT OUTÁ TH'HABIT WAS DRY!

SAME AS HE DID THAT NIGHT ON THE ADSCONNE WHILE THE COUNTRY WEIL IM I FEEL GLAD EVERY BODY ALHT 'RAY FOR SO OUTA THE BATTLE PLACE, I THAT WAY OF YANG ROUGE N'COGNAC BE BAD FOR MY THIS IN THE

THE TERRIBLE & HE WISHES & HE GAINS HE'D WORN A NEW HIS UNIFORM MEDAL EVEN IF IT - AND SERVICE EVEN IF IT - AND SERVICE FRENCH AND SETVICE NOW, IS, IS
STRIPE AT OMBIEN? GESUND
FACH (PRINCIPAL OF THE PRINCIPAL OF THE PR DOESN'T FIT.

BALL THE SAN AND ALL

THE R.T.O. SPEAKS

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of March 8, 1918.

ARMY HAS STOOD TEST, SAYS G.H.Q. STATEMENT—Official Account Commends Galliantry and Spirit of Troops in Repelling Three German Raids-on-American Sectors—Successes Prove Fit-ness for Higger Jobs—Boche in One At-tempt Attacked in Six Groups—French General Order Praises "Superb Courage and Cooliness" of Our Men.

WINE DESTINA

S THE COMM

NOTES HIM A

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

NEW UNIFORM

BUL HE MÉNES

TATERS AND SUCHLIKE TO BE ROWN BY A.E.F.—New Service Estab-GROWN BY A.E.F.—New Service Estab-lished by General Order Hequires. Gar-dens for Every Division—Calls for De_ tails Will Soon Go Out.

YES, THE KAISER'S SURE WE'RE ON THE WESTERN FRONT NOW—Ameri-cann Along Lorraine Line Brenk Up Big Bothe Ruid—Hun Barrage Stiffest Yet— Yankees Win High Praise for Conduct and More Medals May Be Handed Out.

AMERICAN HEAVIES BLAST OUT BOCHES-Big Guns Are Among Those Present as French Pave Way for Ad-vance-First Shots Set Record-Largest Weapon Ever Used Against Any Land Enemy Fittingly Christened.

M.P. IS REASSIGNED HIS HOME TOWN JOH—American Traffic Cops Just as Good Here as They Were Back Home.

Point mind," respectfully request that you start a crusade in your own columns and among the other papers to call each man by his own name so far as it is printable. There are three good reasons for this request:

1. The American Infantryman, and no other man, is a Doughboy.

2. History made by our Infantry is theirs, and the credit for it should be given to them and not to all wearers of the same uniform.

3. We of the other branches are not Doughboys, we don't want to be called Doughboys, and we don't want to have any honors thrust upon us that belong to others.

CANALLY,

Camouflaged as Artillery.

THEIR CITATION To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIFES:—
Having seen in the newspapers many names of leroes who have stood out in the war like Pompey's Statue in Alexandria, the thought has come to me that the American girl working with as much valor and courage as a soldier in the line, wherever she may be, should not be the unsung hero by any means. In our hearts we all thank her for her kindly work, but in many cases, I dare say, she does not realize what her presence means to the boys and how we appreciate her services.

I am prompted to write this letter to you in the hope that it may be published and every American girl in France may know how the enlisted man feels toward her; that she is an integral part of us and without her our stay in France would be dreary and almost unbearable. This expression comes from one soldier, but I am sure that it is the feeling of everyone. Wherever I have been I have observed that the girls in every organization always seemed afraid that they had not done enough for the boys; that they invariably wore a smile that meant lots to every boy.

A striking example of this kind of service is

wery boy.

A striking example of this kind of service is found at -the Motor Transport Reconstruction Park at Verneuil (Nievre), where there are two American girls. These girls work longer hours han any of the men I know. During December, when our camp was a sea of mud, these girls wore boots as the boys did, and have stood all the conditions here as the solders. This case wore boots as the boys did, and have stood all
the conditions here as the soldiers.
This case
can be duplicated throughout France.
American girl comes over and serves us in the
hope of keeping our spirits high, then I think
she should know how we appreciate her. I do
not know the names of the girls at Verneuil, not
do they know me. They have just served me at
they have every other fellow here, and I wish
to thank them as well as all the other girls for
their unhalled services, knowing that when we
return to America we can express our gratifud
to the people who sent them—the Americat
people.

One of the Boys.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
"My bagagae." gesticulates an over-excited Caplain, as he enters the office of the R.T.O.
The R.T.O., a Second Lieutenant, jumps up, rabs an interpreter, and does all in his power to help the straggler get next to his trunk locker. Having been separated from all his clothing and trinkiets and all his other personal property for some few weeks—and no one knows what such isolation means until he has been the victim of it—the superior officer just babbles over with joy at the prospect of connecting up with his belongings once more. And, being somewhat of a politician—ee n'est pas sa qui manque dans notre Armés—his appreciation is summed up tersely: "Til vote for you. What are you running for, sheriff?" Unfortúnately the R.T.O.'s cramped quarters do not permit of his writing out a pretty strong and punchy recommendation for promotion for himself, to present to the Captain for a signature, and he is compelled to be contented to let his all be counted as mere humanitarianism.

But—his efforts to find the trunk were futile.

But-his efforts to find the trunk were futile. But—his efforts to find the trunk were futile. The rather consoling-promise of "possibility of it arriving on the next train" was the only bit of soothing syrup that seemed to satisfy the pilgrim. A wire was sent out to all break-bulk points, induries were made at various baggage bureaus, but all without avail. Regularly, three times daily, the Captain could be seen making the rounds of the station and examining all the baggage in sight, with only the slightest hope as an inspiration.

rounds of the station and examining at the bag-gage in sight, with only the slightest hope as an inspiration.

After about four days of diligent search and careful scrutiny, the trunk was uncarthed, having been spied under a formidable heap of cells of cheese and apples and chickens and flour and all those other various items that fill up the quais of the French railway stations. And the Captain went away rejoicing. It had been a hard war, but the victory was worth the price.

A great deal of protocol is found in the Transportation Department. Rank rules, with respect to reservations; and, since it's pretty hard to determine seniority among Y.M.C.A., K. of C., Army Field Clerks, civilian employees, soldiers and the myriads of other denominations, some quite haupity and zealous harangues are staged in the American corners of French gares. But, since rules and regulations change so frequently, the almost certain outcome is uncertainty. Thus, fortunately, an armistice is ordinarily declared, and the combatants act about as fighting roosters. Something intervenes and the fued is forgotten.

ONE of Us.

TAKEN UP

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:-I seen in your issue of February 21 the challenge of Harold A, Maccallum for a spe reading competition, and while far be it from me to uligize myself (guess that word would sort of get him) I'm not the sort as hides a bushel under the light—especially as most of the company knowes my qualerties and gets me to hip home out whenever the property is the property of the them out whenever they has serus letters to write and wants to emperscutiously use big words

write and wants to empersoutiously use big words. It don't matter to me where and when we meet, and his rules is satisfactery to me as promolgated—but if it's all the same to everybody, I'd like to make it San Francisco sometime early next month. As to not less than one 1000 words or more than, ten 1000, all I can say is my spelling is just the same regardless of quantity.

While I aint so good maybe at reading, I'd just less tent take him on for a bit of that, and would as leaf take him on for a bit of that, and would

name "Ivenhoe" or "Dinkie Merriwell to the Death" as suitable literchur—and since his nam's MacCallum "wa might gae on wit' a bit o' Bobby Burns."

THEODORE J. RILEY, D.L.R., A.P.O. 70 D.L.R., A.P.O. 703, Care Adjutant, L.R.C.S.

P.S. My spelling is more on the fonetic style,

P.S. any spening is more on the control but I can use either.

P.S.S. Could also enter a pie or doughnut eating contest, or could take on any man of the A.E.F. for a 1 mile dash. My record for the mile was established last October when the company arrived in the Argonne, and was executed under—that is, started under—severe shell fire.

The Army's Poets

N. G. PETERS, Sgt., San. Tr., 166th Inf.

THE CASUAL

(Overheard in a Unsual Comp in France.)
Ah keeps wishin' ev'y day
Dat dey'd nevah seat me' way
un de only comp'ny Ah kin call mah own;
It seems de longes' time .
Sence Ah lef' da of mess line
stalited 'round dis country all alone.

Fish months Ah've been away
Lake a dog dat's gone astray,
pt dat Ah can't somebow scent to fin' de chow
Ah've missed so many meals
Dat Ah don't know it feels
git dem "three-a-day" widout a row.

To a cazhul camp dey git you, Wheah don' nothin' seem to fit you, yo' don' fit into nuthin', it appeal; hen it's "Whit's yo outfit, Jack? Co'prat, Sarfe, or buck in back? wy yo' o'ders—go fo bunkhouse in de reah."

Wen Ah say, "Goin' send me out?" Sarjent say, "Don't know-de mough sarjent say, "Don't know—de mought."
wulse dan w'en Ah'se laid up wid de flu;
"Git out heeh" ah "W. P. boy."
Dey mus' think dat it's a joy
ive dis cazhul life widout a sou.

THE HOMECOMING

From the squeleting mud of Flanders, From the Chateau-Thierry wheat, From the shattered Hulles of Ypres, From where Searpe and Decaut meet, From the shell-strewn slopes of Verdun Comes the trump of marching feet, Por the boys are coming home.

who sat in the twilight when the light of your

And to those whose sons have tarried awhite, asleen in their Mother Earth, Whose brave, young souls have barred the for from the land that gave them birth, is say to them. "Weep," for weep they must, but hold up their heads, as they can, were the boy they gave at the nation's call has gone to bits rest, a man.

o-O-O-Ohin Shame!!!! r One comes to you with silver shekels-r Five, or Seven Bones (I don't kno

the lady was trusting; and I was patient;
'atil—In January—after four months' waiting,
'the stuff arrived.

th Hell!!!

pilchards. Would a gift like that satisfy you? Pvt. 14th Photo Section

ye, sing your songs to Madeline, Marcelle, Germuine, Suzette, Iortense, or Bose-Murie divine. Louise, Justine, Odette, Their fairy frills and flossy fluff For birds like you are good enough, But get this amatory stuff— They can't touch my Buvette.

But I fear she'll be S.O.L.,
Our love must vite arrote.
The Dries have gone and started hell
Across the deep blue wet,
So. Buvy. I must say adleu,
I'm going back to where, I rue,
There won't be any more like you—
Buvette, my lost Buvette.

TIP BLISS.

objective.

1. The father of the bride, after having given her in marriage, will right oblique and continue to march until he has deployed himself from the march until he has deployed himself from the state proper. to march until he has deployed himself from the bridal party proper.

5. The bridal party, as it aligns itself in front of the altar, will dress on the best man.

6. Ring bearers, flower girls, pages, etc., will act as ille closers. 7. During the ceremony the guests will remain When the party has arranged itself in com-

any front formation, the officiating clergyman end the articles of matrimony.

9. Immediately after the ceremony the comand at case will be given. (Note: Bride and idegroom are not expected to be at ease, how-

The bridal party will execute an about face the ceremony and will then countermarch. On gaining the vestibule of the church manual of arms will be executed by the bride

and groom as they receive the congratulatory and shakes of the reviewing party.

12. The waiting party and guests will fall out as soon as they leave the church. BARNARD J. RICHARD,

Co. C., 21st M.G. Bn.

CHINA IN GERMANY the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES of the Lattor of THE STARS AND STRIPPS:—
I notice in your STARS AND STRIPPS a letter from
boastful mess sergeant about using chinaware
nateral of mess kits. Where does he get off at?
Why, we've broke more dishes here in Ehrenreitstein already than they've got in their whole
omnaify.

And table waiters? Why, we had them thing before he knew there was an Army. And if it

have forgotten I ever had a mess kit.

I pity the K.P.'s the day that certain messergeant reads this. MERMAN FRANKEL, Pvt., Troop K, 3rd Cav.

NO SUCH G.O.

to the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES Information is requested regarding Tunk Corp-men wearing the embroidered tank on the lef breast, similar to the spread wings of the aviators if there is such an order, please give the G.O.

FOR DOUGHBOYS ONLY ne Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
I have noticed a tendency lately, not only in your excellent paper, but in others, to call all American soldiers Doughboys. This name has become historical as the unofficial designation of that wonderful branch of our Army around which the Army is built, the United States Infantry.

The "Queen of Battles" is entitled to her full credit and it is manifestly unfair to her to have her fair name applied indiscriminately to all those who wear the same uniform as her gallant sons. Admitted that in our friendly arguments in the nest we of the other branches of the service

Admitted that in our friendly arguments in the past we of the other branches of the service have used the term Doughboy as an appellation of brotherly opprobrium, but we have never been facking in respect or in support of our comrades of the foot service. of the foot service.

Now, I, a Regular of another branch, a follower to the people who sent them—to tradition, burdened with a "Prussianized West people."

ONE of